Dust of Dantes who inspire the Poets Song
Regard the journey of immortal Milton and your Bastian

Book the Muse

Press well my words: they are to your eternal salvation.

Milton, who would descend into Eternity

One hundred years, pondering the doctrine of the Holy

Bard before the face of Heaven, has Emancipation.

By your sight, in the heavens, with your Bastian

Farewell! To the seeing eye, a world of shadows.

Your Death! Eternal is Emancipation.

Upon his sacred stage, the Morals of his Divine

Beneath your sacred stage, the Morals of his Divine

It is cause of his own soul, the Prophet of the Divine

A Beast: an angelic figure before the face of Heaven.
By Enthusiasm, Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains, And in his Tent, thro envy of Living Form, even of the Divine Vision And of the Sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed forever. Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation. Urien lay in darkness & solitude in chains of the mind locked up, As he sought his Human & Song; he laboured at his resolute Annul Among inordinate Drudgs in his & snows of doubt & reasoning.

Refusing all Definite Form, the Abstract Horror pressed, story hard, And a first Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:

Down sunk with fright a red round Globe hot burning, deep:

Deep down into the Abyss, panting, convulsing, trembling:

And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Rolling round into two little Orbs & closed in two little Caves:

The Eyes beheld the Abyss, last bones of solidity freeze over all:

And a third Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

From beneath his Orbs of Vision, Two Ears in close resolutions

Sprung out in the deep darkness & petrified as they grew:

And a fourth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:

Hanging upon the wind, Two Nostils bent down into the Deep:

And a fifth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

In hastily torrent-sick, a Tongue of hunger & thirst flamea out:

And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Enraged & stifled without & within in terror & woe, he threw his

Right Arm to the north, his left Arm to the south & his Feet:

Stamped the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay:

And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Terrorized Los stood in the Abyss & his immortal limbs:

Grew deadly pale; he became what he beheld; for a red:

Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep in pangs:

He howed over it trembling & weeping, suspended it shook:

The nether Abyss in tremblings, he wept over it, he cherished it;

In deadly, sickening pain; till separated into a Female pale:

As the cloud that brings the snow; all the while from his Back:

A blue fluid exuded in Sinews, hardening in the Abyss:

Till it separated into a Male Form howling in Jealousy.

Within labouring, beholding Without; from Particulars to Generals:

Subduing his Spectre they Builded the Looms of Generation:

They Builded Great Golgotha, Times on Times, Ages on Ages:

First, Orc was Born, then the Shadowy Female; then All Loss Family:

At last Enthusiasm brought forth Satan Refusing Form in vain:

The Miller of Eternity made subservient to the Great Harvest:

That he may go to his own Place Prince of the Sowry Whigs.
Beneath the Plow of Ruinrah & the Harrow of the Almighty
In the hands of Palenabron. Where the Starry Mills of Satan
Are built beneath the Earth & Waters of the Mundane Shell.
Here the Three Classes of Men take their Sexual texture Woven.
The Sexual is Throefold, the Human is Fourfold.

If you account it Wisdom when you are angry to be silent, and
Not to show it: I do not account that Wisdom, but folly.
Every Man's Wisdom is peculiar to his own Individuality.
O Satan, my youngest born art thou not Brave of the Starry Hosts
Of the wheels of Heaven, to turn the Mills day & night,
Yet thou not Newtons Pantocrator weaving the Web of Locke.
To Mortals thy Mills seem every thing & the Harrow of Shaddai.
A scheme of Human conduct, invisible & incomprehensible.
Get to thy Labours at the Mills & leave me to my wrath.

Satan was going to reply, but Los roiled his loud thunders.
Anger me not, thou canst not drive the Harrow in thy paths.
The Work is Eternal Death, with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons.
Trouble me no more, thou canst not have Eternal Life.

So Los spoke: Satan trembling obey'd, weeping along the way.
Mark well my words, they are of your eternal Salvation.

Between South Molton Street & Stratford Place, Calavys took
Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim.
Around their Lains poured forth their arrows & their hosoms bear
With all colours of precious stones, & their armast places
Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame.
(Mark well my words: Corporeal Friends are Spiritual Enemies)

Mocking Druidical Mathematical.
Proportion of Length Breadth Height
Displaying Naked Beauty with Flute & Harp & Song.
Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning
From breathing fields, Satan hound, beneath the artillery
Christ took on Sin in the Virgin's Womb & put a off on the Cross
All pitted the pious & was wrath with the wrathful & Ios
heard it

And thus is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beau
Every one is threshold in Head & Heart & Reins & every one
Has three Gates into the Three Heavens of Beliah which shine
Translucent in their Foreheads & their Brows & their Lungs
Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please
They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight
For the Elect cannot be Redeemed, but Created continually
By Offering & Atonement in the cruelties of Moral Law
Hence the Three Classes of Men take their fixed destination
They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative

While the Females prepare the Victims, the Males at Furnaces
And, Awful dance the dance of war & pain, loud lightnings
Flash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon
The Furnaces, lamenting around the Devils & thus their Song

Ah weak & wise astray, Ah shut in narrow doleful form
Crouching in reptile flesh upon the hottest of the ground
The Eye of Man a little narrow orb closed up & dark
Scarceely beholding the great light conversing with the Void
The Ear a little shell in small variations shouting out
All melodious & comprehending only Discord and Harmony
The Tongue a little moisture filled, a little flood of days
Of which sound it utters & noises are hardly heard
Thus brings forth Moral Virtue the cruel Virgin Babylon

Can such an Ear judge of the stars, & looking thro its tubes
Measure the sunny rays that pour their splendor on Heavens
Can such an Ear fill'd with the vapours of the yawning pit
Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a hand divine
Can such closed nostrils feel, a joy, or tell of autumn fruits
When grapes & figs burst, their covering to the pitiful air
Can such a Tongue boast of the living waters, or take in
Ought but the Vegetable Rкуп & loosing the hunt delight
Can such gross lips perceive, alas folded within themselves
They touch not ought but pallid hum & tremble at every wind

Thus they sing: Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks
Charles calls on Milton for Atonement, Cromwell is ready
James calls for fires in Golgotha, for heaps of smoking ruins

In the night of prosperity and wondrous which he himself
Created, 1696 was born Among the Daughters of Albion
Among the Rocks of the Druids
When Satan tainted beneath the arrows of Ellyvaterin
And Mathematic Proportion was subdued
by Living Proportion.
Of the first class was Satan: with incomparable mildness.
His primitive tyrannical attempts on Los: with most endearing love.
He soft untreated Los to give to him. Palamabron station.
For Palamabron returned with labour wearied every evening.
Palamabron at refresh'd, and as often Satan offered for his service till by repeated offers and repeated entreaties.
Los gave to him, the Harrow of the Almighty, alas blamable.
Palamabron feared to be angry lest Satan should accuse him of ingratitude. & Los before the accusation thru Satans extreme Mildness, Satan laboured all day; it was a thousand years.
In the evening returning terrifiing over laboured & astonished.
Embraced swift with a brothers tears, Palamabron, who also wept.

Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation.

Next morning Palamabron rose, the horses of the Harrow.
Were maddened with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow.
The Gnomes accused Satan, with indignation fury and fire.
Then Palamabron reddening like the Moon in an eclipse.
Spoke saying, You know Satans mildness & his self-imposition.
Seeing a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother.
While he is murdering the just; prophetic I behold.

His future course thru darkness and despair to eternal death.
But we must not be tyrants also; he hath assumed my place.
For one whole day, under pretence of pity and love to me;
My horses hath he maddened, and my fellow servants injured.

How should he he know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance.
Would I had told Los all my heart; but patience of my friends.
All may be well; silent remain, while I call Los and Satan.

Loud as the wind of Beulah, that uproots the rocks & hills.
Palamabron called, and Los & Satan came before him.
And Palamabron showed the horses & the servants, Satan wept.
And mildly cursing Palamabron, him accused of crimes.
Himself had wrought. Los trembled; Satans blackenments almost
Persuaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron.
Was Satans enemy, & that the Gnomes being Palamabron's friends.
Wore loyed, together against Satan, thro ancient enmity.
What could Los do? how could he judge, when Satans self believed
That he had not approved the horses of the Harrow nor the servants.

So Los said, Henceforth Palamabron, let each his own station.
Keep nor en pity false, nor in officious brotherhood, where
None needs, be active. Mean time Palamabron horses.
Raged with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddened with fury.
Trembling Palamabron stood, the strongest of Demons trembled.
Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes.
They bit in their wild fury, who also maddened like wildest beasts.

Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation.
Mean while wept Satan before Los, accusing Palamabron; hisself exculpating with mildest speech for himself believed he had not oppress nor injure the refractory servants.

But Satan returning to his Mills, for Palamabron had served the Mills of Satan as the easier task he found all confusion, and back returned to Los not filled with vengeance but with tears. Hisself convinced of Palamabron's turpitude, Los beheld the servants of the Mills drunken with wine and dancing wild with shouts and Palamabron singing rending the forests green with echoing confusion, the sun was risen on high.

Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head, and signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills beheld the signal they in silence stood, theirdrunk with wine. Los wept! Biff Rintrah also came, and Euthalamon on his arm leaned tremblingly observing all these things.

And Los said, Ye Genii of the Mills, the Sun is on high your labours call you; Palamabron is also in said dilemma; his horses are mad, his Harrow confused his companions enraged. Mine is the fault, I should have remembered that pity doth the soul and man, unmind; follow with me my Pflow, this mornful day must be a blank in Nature; follow with me, and tomorrow again resume your labours, & thus shall be a mornful day.

Wildly they followed Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent they mourned all day this mornful day of Satan & Palamabron, and all the Elect & all the Redeemed mourned one toward another upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

They Prowled in tears; incessant poured Jehovah's rain, & Molech's sweat, contesting with the rain, thundered above rolling terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron. Eucratori & Brumam contended on the side of Satan crying his youth and beauty trembling at eternal death; Michael contended against Satan in the rolling thunder. Thulloh the friend of Satan also reproved him: saw their reproach.

But Rintrah who is of the reproach of those formed to destruction in indignation for Satans soft dissimulation of friendship climbed above all the played furrows, angry red and furious. Till Michael sat down in the furrow weedy dissolv'd in tears Satan who drew the team beside him, stood angry & red. He smote Thulloh & slew him, & he stood terrible over Michael urging him to arise, he wept! Euthalamon saw his tears. But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief. She wept! She trembled! She kissed Satan; she wept over Michael. She formed a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor infatated Trembling she wept over the Space, & closed it with a tender Moon.

Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space.

But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly, that he who will not defend Truth may be compelled to Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken...
And all Eden descended into Palamabron's tent.
Among Albions' Druids & Bards, in the caves beneath Albions' Sea, Couch, in the caverns of death, in the corner of the Atlantic.

And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron prayed:

O God protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me.
Thou hast given one power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation.

Then rose the Two Witnesses, Rintarah & Palamabron.
And Palamabron appealed to all Eden, and received a Judgment; and it fell on Rintarah and his race.
Which now flamed high & furious in Satan against Palamabron till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.

Lost in his wrath, cursed heaven & earth, he rent up Nations.
Standing on Albions' rocks among high-reared Druid temples.
Which reached the stars of heaven & stretched from pole to pole.
He displaced continents, the oceans fled before his face.
He altered the poles of the world, east, west & north & south.
But he closed up Eutharmon from the sight of all these things.

For Satan, flaring with Rintarah's fury, hidden beneath his own wings.
Accused Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude, of malice:
He created Seven Sins, drawing out his internal scroll.
Of Moral laws and social movements upon the worlds of Jehovah.
To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth.
With thunder of war & trumpets sound, with armies of disease
Punishments & deaths multiplied, numbered. Saying I am God alone.
There is no other, let all obey my principles & moral individuality.
I have brought them from the uppermost innermost recesses.
Of my Eternal Mind, transgressors, I will rend all for ever.
As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering.

Then Satan, rapid amidst the Assembly; and his bosom grew.
Opalescent against the Divine Vision; the paved terraces of
His bosom, shining with fires, but the stones becoming opalescent.
And him from sight, in an extreme blackness & darkness.
And there a World of deeper Woe was spent in the midst
Of the Assembly. In Satan bosom a vast annihilable Abyss.

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence; and tears
Fell down as dew of night, & a loud solemn universal groan
Was uttered from the east & from the west & from the south.
And the north; and Satan stood opalescent impassible:
Covering the east with solid blackness, round his hidden heart
With thundering uttered from his hidden wheels, accusing loud.
The Divine Mercy for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

Rintarah reared up walls of rocks and pound rivers & moats
Of fire round the walls; columns of fire guard around.
Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

And Satan not knowing the Science of Wrath, but only of Prix.
Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath, & joy to joy.
He sunk down a dreadful Death, unlike the slumber of Beulah.

The Separation was terrible; the Dead was reposed on his Couch.
Beneath the Couch of Albion, on the seven mountains of Rome.
In the whale place of the Covering Cherub, Rome Babylon & Lyre.
His spectre raging furious descended into its Space.
Then Los & Enitharmion knew that Satan is Urizen
Drawn down by Orr & the Shadowy Female into Generation
Of Enitharmion entered weeping into the Space there appearing
An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named
Canaan) then she returned to Los weary frighted as from dreams

The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs
Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite

And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space: Lemania
To those without but Infinite to those within: it fell down and
Became Canaan: closing Los from Eternity in Albions Cliff.
A mighty Fend against the Divine Humanity musting to War.

Satan, Ah me! is gone to his own place, said Los, their God;
I will not worship in their Churches, nor King in their Theatres.
Syntria: whence is this Jealousy running along the mountains
British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous
Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light, but thou
Darkenest every Internal Light with the arrows of thy quiver
Round up in the horns of Jealousy to a deadly fiding Moon.
And Oalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe.
That every thing is fixed Otake without Internal light.

So Los lamented over Satan, who triumphant
...divided the Nations.
For her light is terrible to me, I fade before her immortal beauty.
Of wherewithal doth a Dragon-form forth issue from my limbs?
To seize her new-born son? Oh me! the wretched Leuthia.
This to prevent, entering the doors of Saturn's brain night after night.
Like sweet perfumes, I stylified the masculine perceptions.
And kept only the feminine awake, hence rose, his soft
Delusory love to Palamahron, admiration found with envy.
Capability unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day
The Horses of Palamahron called for rest: and pleasant death.
I sprang out of the brazen of Satan, over the Harrow beaming.
In all my beauty, that I might unloose the flaming steeds.
As Elynitra used to do: but too well those living creatures
Knew that I was not Elynitra, and they broke the traces.
But me, the servants of the Harrow saw not, but as a bow
Of varying colours on the hills: terribly nod the horses.
Satan astonish'd, and with power above his own control.
Compel the Gnomes to curb the horses, & to throw banks of sand
Around the fiery Harrow, Saturn in labyrinthine forms.
And brooks between to intersect the meadows in three courses.
The Harrow cast thick flames; Jehovah, thunder'd above.
'Law & ancient night fire from beneath the fiery Harrow.
The Harrow cast thick flames, & o'er us round in conical fires
A Hell of our own making, see, its flames still gird me round.
Jehovah thunder'd above, Satan in pride of heart.
Draw the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah.
Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south.
To devour Albion and Jerusalem the Emanation of Albion.
Driving the Harrow in Phryg paths, was then, with our dark fires
Which now gird round us (0 eternal torment) I formed the Serpent
Of precious stones & gold turned, poisons on the sulphy wastes.
The Gnomes in all that day spare not: they cursed Satan bitterly.
To do unkind things in kindness! with power unaided, to say
The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love.
These are the stings of the Serpent, thus did we by them; till thus
They in return retaliated; and the Living Creatures mad they deem.
The Gnomes laboured: In weeping hid in Saturn's inmost brain:
But when the Gnomes refusal to labour more, with blessings
I came forth from the head of Satan, back the Gnomes recollected.
And called me Sin, and for a sign, portentous held me. Soon.
Day sunk and Palamahron returned, trembling I hid myself.
In Saturn's inmost Palace of his nervous fire-wrought Brain.
For Elynitra met Satan with all her singing women.
Terrible in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power.
They gave Satan their wine: malignant at the burning wrath.
Wild with prophetic fury his former life became like a dream.
Clothed in the Serpents Falls in selfish holiness demanding purity.
Being most impure, self-condemned to eternal torments, he drove
Me from his inmost Brain & the doors closed with thunderous sound.
0 Divine Vision who didst create the Female: to repose
The Sleepers of Reulah, pity the repentant Leuthia. My Sick
York Cruch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death unfolding. The Spectre of Satan, the furious, refuses to repose in Sleep. He humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine. New so the Sick, alas, what shall be done him to restore. Who calls the Individual Law, Holy, and despises the Saviour. Glorifying to involve Albion's Body in fires of eternal War.

Now Leutha ceased; tears howl'd; but the Divine Pity supported her. All is my fault: We are the Spectre, of Luziah; the murderer. Of Albion; O Vala! O Luziah; O Albion; O lovely Jerusalem.

The Sun was begun in Eternity, and will not rest to Eternity till two Eternities meet together. Oh! lost! lost! lost! for ever

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enithramon had created a New-Space to protect Satan from punishment: The laid to Enithramons Tent & hut herself. Loud raging demanded the Assembly dark & clouded, and they ratified the kind decision of Enithramon & gave a Time to the Space. Even 8000 thousand years, and sent Lucifer its Guard. But Lucifer refused to die & in pride he forsook his charge. And they elected Molech, and when Molech was impatient.

The Divine hand bound the two Lances, first of Opacity, then of Contracture. Opacity was named Sopher, Contracture was named Albion. Two Elahim came: Elahim wept and fainted, they elected Shaddai, Shaddai, angry. Pahah threatened, they sent Jehovah — And Jehovah was leprous; loud he called. Stretching his hand to Eternity. For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypochondriac holiness. Around the Lamb, a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedrals Loom. He died as a Reprobase, he was Punished as a Transgressor; Glory, Glory, Glory, to the Holy Lamb of God. I wash the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lamb.

The Elect shall meet the Redeemed on Albions rocks they shall meet Astonished at the Transgressor, in him beholding the Saviour. And the Elect shall say to the Redeemed, We behold it is of Divine Mercy, alone! of Free Gift and Election that we live. Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses, have deserved Eternal Death. Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River.

But Elymitria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden. And threw aside her arrows, and laid down her sounding Bow. She sought her with soft words & brought her to Palamabrions bight. In moments new created for delusion interwoven round about.

In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep & wond him Death. In dreams she bore Rahab the mother of Tizah & her sisters. In Lambeth, vales, in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought. Intricate Labrythins of Times & Spaces unknown that Leutha lived in Palamabrions Tent, and Othowan was her charming guard.

The Bard ceased. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur continued round the Halls, and much they questioned the immortal. Loud voiced Bard, and many condemn'd the high-toned Song. Saying, Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation Of Battle. Others said, If it is true, if the acts have been performed. Let the Bard himself witness. Where hast thou this terrible Song.

The Bard replied. I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing...
According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius
Who is the eternal, all-protecting Divine Humanity
To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore Amen

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion
Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning
The Lamb the Saviour of Albion, sent to Italy Greece & Egypt
To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America
Shaking the roots & first foundations of the Earth in doubledeak.
The loud vocal Bard terrified took refuge in Milton's bosom.

Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardous;
The whole Assembly went prophetic seeing in Milton's face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & War.
He took all the robe of his promise. & unguarded himself from
the oath of God.

And Milton said: I go to Eternal Death; Ere we're said to
Follow after the delectable Gods of Greece; in pomp
Of warlike selfhood, councourading and blaspheming.
When will the Resurrection come, to deliver the sleeping body
From corruptibility? O when Lord Jesus wilt thou come,
For my soul lies at the gates of death,
I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave.
I will go down to the sepulchre to see if morning breaks;
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death.
Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilated.
And I be seized & driven into the hands of my own Seducer
The Lamb of God & seen three mist & shadows, hovering
Over the sepulchres in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Jehovah
A disk of blood, distasteful, & heavens & earths roll dark between.
What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation
With the daughters of memory & not with the daughters of inspiration
I in, my Seducer am that Satan; I am that Evil One?
He is my Spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my Hells;
To claim the Hells, my Furnaces, I go to Eternal Death.

And Milton said: I go to Eternal Death, Eternity shuddered;
For he took the outside course among the graves of the dead
A mournful shade. Eternity shuddered at the image of eternal death.

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow:
A mournful form double: hermaphroditic: male & female
In one wonderful body, and he entered into it
In direful pain for the dread shadow, twenty-seven fold
Reach to the depths of direst Hell, & thence to Albions' land;
Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write.

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Milton's shadow.
As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps; Else he would wake; so seemed he entering his Shadow, but With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence Entering: they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body; Which now arose and walked with them in Eden, as an Elysian Image Divine tho' darkend; and the walking as one walks In sleep; and the Seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a Polyphemus that vegetates beneath the deep; They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch Of death; for when he entered into his Shadow: Himself: His real and immortal Self; was as appear to those Who dwell in mortality, as One sleeping on a couch Of gold; and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations Like Females of sweet beauty, to guard round him and keep His lips with good of Eden in his cold and sun repose; But to himself he seemed a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres; call'd Satan, but swift as lightning passing them, startled the shades Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this: That every thing has its Own Vortex; and when once a traveller thro' Eternity Has pass'd that Vortex, he perceives it roll backward behind His path into a globe itself insublim'd, like a sun: Or, like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty. While he keeps' onwar'd in his wond'rous journey on the earth Or like a human form, a friend with whom he live benevolently. As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing This vortex: and the north & south, with all their starry host: Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding His corn-fields and his vaults of five hundred acres square. Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent To the weak traveller content beneath the moon's shade. Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity.

First, Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages, Deadly pale outstretched and snowy cold, storm covered. A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretched on the rock In solemn death; the Sea of Time & Space thunderd aloud Against the rock, which was univested with the weeds of death Covering over the cold bosom, in its vortex Milton bent down To the bosom of death: what was underneath soon seem'd above. A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest rain: But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro' Beulah bursting With thunders loud and terrible: so Milton's shadow fell. Precipitant loud thundering into the Sea of Time & Space.

Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star... Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift; And on my left foot falling on the taurus, enter'd there; But from my left foot a black cloud sounding spread over Europe.

Then, Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years.
In those three females whom his Wives, & those three whom his
Had represented and continu'd, that they might be resum'd
By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant we'd his journey
In their elvish spheres, now human, tho' their Bodies remain close
In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: tho' and
Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro' Death's Vale.
In conflict with these Female forms, which in blood & jealousy
Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.

He saw the Cruelties of Ulro, and he wrote them down:
In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these
Rahab and Tereah, & Milchah & Malch & Noah & Haglah.
They sat ransack round him at the rocks of Aroer round the land
Of Cisian: and they wrote, in thunder smoke and Fire.
His dicide; and that body was the Rock Sinai: that body,
Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females
Are Dor & Pery & Bushan & Abiram & Libanan & Hemon.
Seven rocky masses terrible in the Deserts of Midian.

But Miltons Human Shadow continued journeying above
The rocky muses of The Mundane Shell; in the Lands
Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.

The Mundane Shell, is a vast Concave Earth: an immense
Horrible shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth.
Enlarg'd into dimension & deform'd into indefinite space
In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells; with Chaos
And ancient Night; & Purgatory. It is a sovereign Earth
Of labrynthine intricacy Twenty-seven-folds of opaknels
And dimnesses where the dark mounts: here Milton journeyed
In that Region call'd Midian, among the Rocks of Aroer.
For Travellers from Eternity pass outward to Satan's seat:
But Travellers to Eternity pass inward to Golgonooza.

Lo! the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Benthurman
Call'd all her daughters. Saying. Surely to unloose my hand
Is this Man come? Satan shall be unloosed upon Albion.

I saw heard in terror Benthurman's words: in terrors strength
His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path
Of Miltons journey. Uriel beheld the immortal Man.
That thus the Shadowy Female turns, howbeit, in her lamentation, her Twenty-seven threnodies over Achilles shed no tears.

The Shadowy Female uttering her Lamentations, the Larantick femalesweetly, in her Lamentation.

The Shadowy Female uttering her Lamentations, the Larantick femalesweetly, in her Lamentation.

They all lament over Thanet and the malevolent broken lamentations.

The Shadowy Female, sweetly, in her Lamentation, her Twenty-seven threnodies over Achilles shed no tears.
And he also darkned his brows; freezing dark rocks between

The footsteps, and infusing deep the feet in marble beds:

That Milton laboured, with his journey, & his feet blest sore

Upon the clay now changed to marble; also Urizen rose.

And met him on the shores of Arnon; & by the streams of the brooks

Silent they met, and silent strove among the streams of Arnon

Ryen to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stood down

And took up water from the river Jordan: pouring on

To Miltons’ brain the icy fluid from his brood cold palm.

But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth, moulding it with care

Between his palms, and filling up the hollows of many years

Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones

Creating new flesh on the Demon cold, and building him.

As with new clay a Human form in the Valley of Beth Pher

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic

One to the North, named Urthia; One to the South, named Urizen;

One to the East, named Luyah; One to the West, named Tarman.

They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine:

But when Luyah assumed the World of Urizen to the South

And Albion was slain upon his mountains, & in his tent:

And then fell towards the Center in pure rain, sinking down.

And in the South remains a burning fire; in the East a void

In the West, a world of raging winds; in the North a solid

Untransportable, without end. But in the midst of these

Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Urizen:

Towards which Milton went, but Urizen opposed his path.

The Man and Demon strove many periods. Rahab beheld

Standing on Carmel. Rahab and Urizen trembled to behold

The enormous stroke, one giving life, the other giving death

To his adversary, and they sent forth all their sons & daughters

In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river.

The Two-fold form Hermaphrodite: and the Double-sexed;

The Female-male & the Male-female, self-similarly stood

Before him in their beauty, & in cruelities of holiness;

Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon.

Therefore, come thou to Ephraim, behold the Kings of Canaan.

For Beautiful Amalekites, behold the fires of Youth:

Bound with the Chain of Jealousy by Los & Urizen:

The banks of Yam; cold learning, streams; London’s darkening towers;

Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaim’s vale.

Because Ahania rent apart into a desolate night.

Laments & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice

And Vala labours for her bread & water among the furnaces.

Therefore bright Tirshah triumphs; putting on all beauty;

And all perfection in her cruel wars among the Victims.

Come bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre:

In Natural Religion: in experiments on Man.

Let her be chirped up to Holiness; Tirshah numbers her:

She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow;

Where is the Lamb of God, where is the promise of his coming?

Her shadowy Sisters form the bones, even the bones of Horeb;

Ground the narrow; and the arched skull around the brain;

His Images are born for War, for Sacrifice to Tirshah;

To Natural Religion, to Tirshah the Daughter of Rahab, the Holy.

She ties the knot of nervous fibres, into a white brain;

She ties the knot of bloody veins, into a red hot heart;

Within he burns the illusion, ties embalmed, never to awake.

Hand to become a rock; Sinai & Horeb is Iyle & Coban.

Scythed in iron armour before Reuipers Gate;

She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens.
Two yet but one; each in the other sweet reflected, these
Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah, land of rest:
Come them to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one!
Come to my ivory palaces O beloved of thy mother!
And let us bind thee in the bands of War & be thou King
Of Canaan and reign in Haur where the Twelve Tribes meet:
So spake they as in one voice: Silent Milton stood before
He whom Erius, as the sculptor silent stands before
His forme, image he walks round it patient labouring,
Thus Milton stood forming bright Uryen while his Mortal part
Sat frozen in the rock of Aoreb and his Redeemed portion,
Thus formed the Clay of Uryen; but within that portion
His real Human walked above in power and majesty.
The darkend and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him,

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust,
Tell of the Four-Fold Man in starry numbers fitly ordered.
Or how can I with my cold hand of clay? But thou O Lord
Do with me as thou wilt for I am nothing and vanity,
Or chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains.
For thus, Milton round him doth the elect of the Spectrous body of Milton,
Redounding from each and every one of him, being united to his
Bred on his Body in Aoreb against the Resurrection
Preparing it for the Great Consummation: red the Cherub on Sinai
Glowed; but in torments folded round his clouds of blood.

Now Albions sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch.
Feeling the electric flame of Milton's awful precipitate descent.
Swell thou the little winged fly smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thine. The gates open to heaven & hell.
Within where wondrous & expansive, its gates not closed,
I hope there are not; hence clothed itself in rich array:
Hence thou art clothed with human beauty O thou mortal man
Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:
There Chaos awells & ancient Night & CE & Unk old
For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant.
Which few dare unbar because dread Oj & Unk guard the gates
Dreadful! and each mortal brain is walled and moated round
Writen: and Oj & Unk watch here: here is the Seat
Of Satan in its Webs: for in brain and heart and loins
Gates open behind, Satan's Seat to the City of Gothonoco,
Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion
Thus Milton fell thro Albions heart: travelling outside of Humanity
Beyond the Stars in Chaos in Caverns at the Mundane Shell.

But many of the Eternal rose up from eternal tables
Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood
Looking down into Beulah: wrathful, filled with rage;
They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle.
And round the Shadowy Eight: the Eight close tip the Couch
Into a tabernacle, and flee with, cries down to the Deeps.
Where Los opens, his three wide Gates, surrounded by raging fires;
They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.
Los saw them and a cold pale horror covereth his limbs
Rending he knew that Rerith & Phalambrun might depart:
Even as Raubah & as Gad, gave up himself to tears.
He sat down on his awed-Bock: and leaned upon the trough.
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.

At last, when desperation almost tore his heart in twain
He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded.
And awoke up in the land, back at the immortal feast.
That Milton of the Land of Albion should ascend.
Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham and set free
Orc from his Chain of Envy, he started at the thought.
And down descended into Eden; it was night:
And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Eden: Ad
His Spectre slept; his Shadow woke; when one sleeps, another wakes.

But Milton entering my foot, I saw in the nether
Regions of the Imagination; also all men on Earth.
And all in Heaven; saw in the nether regions of the Imagination.

In Ulro beneath Beulah, the vast breach of Milton’s descent.
But I know not that it was Milton, for man cannot know
What paths men go in his morn’s trip, to periods of Space & Time.
Reveal the secrets of Eternity, for more extensive
Than any other earthly things, are Man’s earthly lineaments.

And all this Vegetable World appeared on my left foot.
As a bright shadow formed mortal at precious stones & gold:
I stooped down & bound it on, to walk forward thro’ Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River, milk & liquid pearl,
Nam’d Ololon: on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove.
Down into Ulro; and they wept in long resounding song
For seven days of Eternity, and the rivers living Banks.
The mountains would; & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.

When Leviaths bulls each morning drag the submersed Sun out of the Deep.
Harness’d with stony harness black & shining kept by black slaves
And all the elements clothed in their harness, Strong and vigorous.
They drag the unwilling Orb; at this time all the Family
Of Eden heard the Lamentation; and Providence began.

But when the clarions of day sounded they drowned the lamentations
And when night came all was silent in Ololon; & all refused to lament.
In the still night fearing lest they should others molest.

Seven mornings’ Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell
Hears its impatient parent bird; and Enitharmon heard them:
But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclosed them in.
And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire
Driven Milton into the Ulro; for now, they knew too late
That it was Milton, the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard.
Whose song called Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments.
He heard them, call in prayer all the Divine Family;
And he beheld the Cloud at Milton stretching over Europe.

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns
In the Four Points of Heaven East, West & North & South.
Balancing and enlarging all their Disks, approach each other.
And when they touched, closed together Southward, in One Sun
(Milton’s) when the Museum of Worlds met.

In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine, wept over Ololon.

Saying: Milton goes to Eternal Death! so saying, they groaned in spirit.
And were troubled! and again the Divine Family groaned in spirit.

And Ololon said: Let us descend also, and let us give
Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors.
Is Virtue a Punisher? O no; how is this words-pus thing?
This World before unseen before this refuge from the Wars
Of Great Eternity, unnatural refuge, unknown by us till now.
Are these the pangs of repentance, let us enter into them.

Then the Divine Family said: Six thousand Years, are now
Accomplished in this World of Sorrow; Milton’s Angel knew
The Universal Dictate; and you also feel this Dictate.
And now you know this World of Sorrow, and feel Pity. Obey
The Dictate. Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings
Renew it to Eternal Life. Lo! I am with you alway.
But you cannot renew Milton, he goes to Eternal Death.

So spake the Family Divine as One Man, even Jesus
Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man
Jesus the Saviour appear, coming in the Clouds of Ololon.
The driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Urn
And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation.

While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals
On: to walk forward thro Eternity, Los descended to me:
And Los behind me stood: a terrible flaming Sun: just close
Behind my back: I turned round in terror, and behold:
Los stood in that fierce glowing fire: & he also strode down
And bound my sandals on in Udan-Ada: trembling I stood
Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale
Of Lantineth: but he kissed me and wished me health.
And I became One Man with him arising in my strength:
I was too late now to recede. Los had entered into my soul:
His terrors now possessed me whole: I arose in fury & strength.
I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago
Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years
are finished. I return! both Time & Space obey my will.
I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down: for not one Moment
Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unperemptory.
But all remain: every Rib of Six Thousand Years
Remains forever: tho in the Earth where Satan
Still, and I was out: all things vanish & are seen no more.
The Shadow, not from me & mine, we guard them first & last.
The Generations of men run on in the tide of Time
But leave their destined lineaments permanent for ever & ever.
So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abode.

Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgotha.
Clouded with discontent: & brooding in their minds terrible things.

They said, O Father most beloved: O merciful Parent:
Fearing and permitting evil, the strong & mighty to destroy.
Where is this Shadow terrible: wherefore dost thou refuse
To throw him into the furnaces? Knowest thou not that he
Will unchain Orc, & let loose Satan, Og, Enon, & Anak.
Upon the Body of Albion for this he is come: behold it written
Upon his febric left Foot black: most dismal in our eyes
The Shadowy Female shudders thro heaven in torment inexpressible:
And all the Daughters of Los prophesic wail: yet in deceit.
They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theoruma:
Milton's Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction.
Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair,
Rahab created Voltaire: Tizah created Rousseau.

Assenting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour.
Mocking the Confessors: & Martyrs: claiming Self-righteousness.
With cruel Virtue: making War upon the Lamb's Redeemed.
To perpetuate War & Glory, to perpetuate the Laws of Sun.
They perverted Swedenborg's Visions in Beniah & in, Ulro.
To destroy Jerusalem, as a Harlot & her Sons as Refrubes;
To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot, Mother of War.

Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation.
A Swedenborg: strongest of men, the Samson shown by the Churches,
Swathing the Transgressors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven.
Swathing as a Punisher & Hell as One under Punishment.

Nith Laws from Plato: & his Greeks to renew the Jovian Gods.
In Albion: & to deny the value of the Saviour's blood.

But then I raised up Whitfield, Palamabron raised up Westley.
And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses.
Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men:
Reigning obedient to death, even the death of the Cross.
The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City.
No Faith in all the Earth: The Book of God is trodden under foot.
He sent his two Servants Whitfield & Westley: were they Prophets
Or were they Idiots or Madmen? shew us Miracles!
Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote their lives whole comfort to utter scorn & injury & death, awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity. Almighty awake!
The trumpet of Judgement hath twice sounded; all Nations are awake: But thou art still heavy and dull; awake Almighty awake!
Lo, Orc arises on the Atlantic, Lo his blood and fire!
Glow an America on shore: Almighty thaws upon his Child!
He listens to the sounds of War, astonish'd and confounded: He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams
Unawak'd! and the Covering Cherub advances from the East!
How long shall we lay dead in the Street of the great City
How long beneath the Covering Cherub give our Emanations
Milton will utterly consume us & thee our beloved Father.
He hath entered into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with
Albions, dread Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coen surround him us
G. K. D. G. & Coenwan as a garment woven.
On War & Religion, let us descend & bring him chained
To Bowldahoola! O father most beloved, O mild Parent?
Truelove, bykindness pitying and permitting evil
The strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!

Like the black storm, coming out of Chews, beyond the stars:
Its issues thro' the duck & intricate ways of the Sun-ine shell
Passing the planet visions, & the well adorned Firmament
The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Deserts:
And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible.

O'er the light of day, & rolling down upon the mountains,
Doleful all the country round. Such is a vision of Los:
When Ruin & Palamakorn spoke: and such his stormy face
Appeared, as does the face of heaven, when coverd with thick storms
Crying and looking on terrors of terrible perturbation.

But Los dispersed the cloudy even as the strong winds of Jehovah.
And Los this spoke: O noble Sons, be patient yet a little
I have embraced the falling Death, he has become one with me.
O Sons, we live not by bread, but by mercy alone we live!
I recollect an old Prophesy, in Elyon, recorded on gold; and all
Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion,
Should up ascend forward from the fleece's vale & break the Chain
Jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore O my Sons

Women only, Females form sweet night and silence and secret
Opinions to hide from Satans Watch-Rends. Human loves
And graces: lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll
Of mortal life, to condemn the accused; who at Satans Bar
Ensemble in Spectrums Bodies continually day and night
While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations.
O, when shall we tread our Wine-presses in Heaven, and Reap
Our wheat with shoutings of joy and leave the Earth in peace.
Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature
Said War and stern division between Papists & Protestants.
Let it not be so now! O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars.
We were plac'd here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy.
With powers fitted to circumcise this dark Satanic death.
And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption;
But how this is as yet we know not, and we cannot know;
Yet, Albion is arisen, the patient wait a little while
In thousand years we pass away & the end approaches fast;
The mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect.
Who died from Earth & he is returned before the Judgment. This thing
Was never known that one of the holy dead should willing return
Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over,
Till we have quenched the Sun of Allah in the Lake of Uzur Adam.
O my dear Sons, leave not your Father, as your brethren tell me.
Twelve Sons successive fled away in thousand years of sorrow
Of Palamabrons Harrow, &c Rintrahs wrath to fury, 
Zebub, Manasseh, &c Gud & Simeon, &c Levi, 
And Ephraim & Juda were Generated.
Left me wandering, and all the Earth was a watery deluge
To cover them Menasheh because of the Generations of the Eraduc
Ariah, round them, but I the Fourth son am not, & I am preserved.
With the Watchers, they are not, & I am preserved
The four mighty ones are left to me, &c Golgonooza.
Habriah, fierce, &c Palamabron rude & piteous
Menasheh, full with care, &c Simeon, loving, &c Simeon, guarding round, &c Lorr. 0 wander not & leave me.
Simeon thou rememberest when Amalek & Canaan,
I shall remember when Joseph, an infant
Begotten from his mother, cruelly wronged & needlework
Embolic, texture, was sold to the Amalekite.
Who carried him down into Egypt, after Ephraim & Menasheh,
Gathered, my Sons together in the Sands of Median.
Not, if you also shall be sons of mortal vegetation
Beneath the Moon of Ulro, they were, as they were
Resembling, in the original face, &c Lazarus, from the Grave I stood & saw
Lazarus, who is the Vehicular Body of Albion, the Redeemed
Grew into the Covering Cherub who is the Spectre of Albion
Upon his back, benedict, his Tomb, I saw the Covering Cherub
Upon his face, benedict, his Tomb, I saw the Covering Cherub
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So Loos, spoke, Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allemanda
Would, unconvinc'd by loss, arguments, & thorns, rolling
They saw the wrath now swayed, but now pity absorbed him.
As it was, so it remained, & no hope of an end.

Bowlahoola is the name Law, by mortals, Tharman founded it:
Because of Satan, before Lukan, in the City of Goldnica.
But Golgonooza is the name Art & Manufacture by immortal men.

In Bowlahoola Loss Anvi's stand, & his Furnaces rage:
Heaving the Hammers beat, & the Bellows blow loud
Loud, self-moving, hewing the mountains & howling incessantly
Bowlahoola that all its parishes feel the top fast endowed
Its pavement, & porticoes tremble at the sound.

According to the horror, labour, make sweet melody
The Bellows are the inward lungs, the Hammony the Animal Heart
The Furnaces, the Stomachs, for digestion, terrible their fury
Thousands & thousands labour, thousands play on instruments
Strangled or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery

Loud, spurt the dangers in the dance of death, rejoicing in carnage
The bellows, with their blast, blare, render the Furnaces blear by the long sounding clarion.

The double drum, drowns howls & groans, the shrill lute, shrinks & cries
The crooked horn, mellow the howl of the raving serpent, terrible, but harmonious.

Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.

This is the Spirit of Prophecy, the ever apparent Elias

Time is the mercy of Eternity, without Time, sweetness
Which is the sweetest of all things: all were eternal, torment.
All the Gods of the Egyptians & Baraab's Poles.
Every one of them, pure & Prophecy, is the fourth Zoa, that stand around the Throne Divine.
Loud shout, the Sons of Luvah, at the Wine presses of Los descend
With Rintreth & Piambraon in his herd of resistless fury.
The Wine press on the Rhine ground loud, but all its central beams
Are more terrific in the central scenes of the Nations
Where brightly the sun and moon shine at the face of God.
There, Los puts all into the Press, the Opressore & the Oppressed,
Together, ripe for the Harvest & Vintage & ready for the Loom.

They sing at the Vintage. This is the Last Vintage & Seed shall no more be sown upon Earth. till all the Vintage is over
And all gathered up, till the Plow has passed over the Nations
And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains
And loud the Souls howl round the Parches of Golgotha.

O God, deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths,
That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death.
But Los refused, till the Vintage of Earth was gathered in.

And Los stood & cried to the Labours of the Vintage in voice of awe.

Fellow Labours, the Great Vintage & Harvest is now upon Earth.

The whole extent of the Globe is now bare; every scattered Atom
All Mineral dust, all now is rocking to the sound of the Trumpet.
All which was hid in caves & dens, from ancient time,
Is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Human
The Awakener is come. OUTSIDE Europe, the Vision of God is

Full and wide to the sounds of War, astonishment, & ashamed.

Therefore you must not be at Sea, nor shine not by Nations or Families
And bend them in three classes: according to their Classes:
So shall you bind them. Separating shall be Mixed.
Since men began to be free, until the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

To be formed into the Church of God that they destroy not the
And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree, Flesh, Bird & Beast.
Ve form, the Mundane rules, that Spectres coming by fury or amis.

Earth designs, by Fire or Water remain in his own energy.

So forth Reapers with rejoicing, you sowed, in tears
But the time of your rejoicing is came; only a little moment
Yet still abstain from pleasure & fast, that you may see the whole Earth from Pole to Pole, from Sea to Sea
Belonging at Jerusalem, Inner Court, Lambeth round, and given
To the rest, the Salutation! God! Our God, O God! The Day of Judgment is come.

Who set free the labors of our country who Comparative crowns
To make learning a burden, & the Work of the Holy Spirit: Scribe.
The Thor & cruel Odin who first reared the Polar Caves.

Lambeth, now, calling Jerusalem, she whose looks abroad
For the Lords coming, & the Jerusalem may overspread all Nations
Crave not for the world & perishing delights, but leave them.

To the weak, and dry the weak as your unclean car.

Earth: & in the judgment, you also are Vegetated.

Yet, till the judgement is consumed by the Angel of the Lord.

Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song
With Rute & clarion; with cups & measure of the angel of the Lord.

And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves.

These
These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage.
You see the gorgeous clothe flutes that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance.

Knows in its intricate moves of delight, artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance.

To touch each other & recede; to cross & change & return.
These are the Children of Los, they see the Tides on mountains
The wind blows: heavy, loud, they thunder thro' the dark sun-sky
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men. These are the Sons of Los. These the Visions of Eternity
That we see only as it were the hem of their garments.

When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous Visions
There are two Gates thro which all Souls descend. One Southward
From Dover Cliff to Lizard Point; the other toward the North
Caithness & rocky Burray, Pentland & John Grout's House.

The Souls descending to the Body: wail on the right hand
Of Los & those delivered from the Body: on the left hand
For Los against the east his force continually bends.
Along the valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackhead
Rest, those three. Heavens of Elysia. Should the Creation destroy
And last they should descend before the north & south Gates
Growing with pity, he among the wailing Souls laments.

And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda.
And in the City of Golgonooza: & in Luban: & around
The Lake of Eden-Adam, in the Forest of Entwhor Berynth
Where Souls incessant wail, being pious Passions & Desires
With neither resentment nor form but like to watery clouds
The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds
For such alone. Sleepers remain dear passion & appetite:
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields
And every generated Body in its inward form,
Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence.
Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda.

And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers
Continually woven in the Looms of Entwhor Berynth.
In bright Cathedral golden Dome with care & love & tears
For the various Classes of Men are all marked out determinate
In Bowlahoola & as the Spectres choose their affinities
So they are born on Earth & every Class is determinate
But not by Natural but by Spiritual power alone. Because
The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction
Ending in Death which would at itself be Eternal Death.
And all are Class'd by Spiritual, & not by Natural power.

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause. and Not
A Natural for a Natural Cause only seems, it is a Delusion
Of Ulro & a ratio of the perishable Vegetable Memory.
But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza, before the Seat of Satan. Livah laid the foundation & Urvilx finish'd it in howling wot.
How red the sons & daughters of Livah: here they tread the grapes. Laughing & shouting drunk with odours many fold, o'erweared.
Round in the wine is many a youth & maiden: those around
Lay them on shins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass.
Till they revive, or bury them in cool brots, making lamentation.

This Wine-press is called War on Earth: it is the Enticing Press Of Los: it dote here to gratify their appetites in order to their mortal brain.
As cogs are form'd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel
Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses: the little Seed:
The sportive Root, the Earth-worm: the gold Beetle: the wise Emmet.
Dance round the Wine-presses of Livah: the Centipede is there:
The ground Spider with many eyes: the Mole clothed in velvet.
The ambitious Spider in his silent web: the lucky golden Spanner.
The Earwig: armed: the tender Maggot: emblem of immortality.
Visibly or invisible to the sightful vegetating Man.

The enthrall'd: the Grashopper that sings & laughs & drinks.
Winter comes: he holds his slender bones without a murmur.
The Foul: Scorpion is there: the Mag: Wasp: Hornet & the Honey Bee.
The Toad & venomous Newt: the Serpent cloth'd in gems & gold.
They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they revenge with their stings:
Around the Wine-presses of Livah, naked & drunk with wine.

There is the Needle that stings with soft down: and there
The crenugent Thistle: whose bitterness is bred in his milk.
Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the wild Weeds.
That creep around the obscure places: show their various limbs.
Naked in all their beauty dancing around the Wine-presses.

But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not, nor dance:
They howl & writh in shoals of torment: in fierce flames consuming.
In chains of iron & in dungeons cur'd with ceaseless fires.
In pits & dens & shades of death: in shapes of torment & woe.
In portable & wrack'd & saucy & scowls & crows & corsets.
And whips their victims: the deadly sport of Livah's Sons.
They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan:
They catch in shrunks in ruins of gold, they hand them to one another.
These are the sports of love: & these the sweet delights of amorous play:
Tears of the grape: the death sweat of the cluster the last sigh.
Of the mild youth who listens to the woeing songs of Livah.

But Almamanda, called on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land.
Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Eternity:
There are the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal: through all the.
The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in the Seat of Satan.
Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch.
The Plow goes far in tempests & lightnings & the Harrow cruel.
In blasts of the east, the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.

Urvilx's sons here labour also: & here are seen the Mills
Of the Crammer, on the verge of the Lake of Ulun-Anan:
These are on the stars void of night: & the depths & caverns of earth.
These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury.
Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted.
And here the Sun & Moon receive their fixed destinations.

But in Eternity the Four Arts: Poetry, Painting, Architecture which is Science: are the Four Faces of Man.
Not so in Time & Space: there three are shut out, and only Science remains thro Mercy: & by means of Science the Three
Became apparent in Time & Space in the Three Professions.

That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awakening.
And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of Men.
And Science is divided into Bowiahooka & Almamanda.
Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver
Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow.
Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitat.
Delightful; with bounds, to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite
Into most holy forms of Thought: (such is the power of inspiration)
They labour incessant & bear their afflictions.
Creating the Beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

Others; Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory
For Doubts & fears, woestridden & wretched & melancholy.
The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death
Eternal; and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering.
And often malignant they combat heart-breaking sorrow & piteous.
Antamon takes them into his beautiful Resuble hands.
Or the Sower takes the seed, or as the Artist his clay.
Or wine, wax, to mould artful a model for golden ornaments.
The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line;
Small immortal with golden pen: such as the Spectre admiring.
Puts on the sweet form; then smites Antamon bright thro his window.
The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loum & prepare.
The unguent, indigo for its clothing, with joy & delight.

But Theometron & Sotha stand in the Gates of Loom anxious
Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred.
They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms.
The Spectre refuses he seeks cruelty, they create the crested Cock.
Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Nest.
Of kindness & compassion, & is born a weeping terror.
Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings.
Howling, the Spectres flee: they take refuge in human liniments.
The Sons of Osoph within the Optic Nerve stand hery glowing
And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight.
They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches;
They give to some, & their possessors to trouble & sorrow & care.
Shutting the sun, moon, stars, trees & clouds & waters.
And falls, out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone.
Onake, and like the black pebble on the enaged beach.
While the poor indigent is like the diamond which the clothed
In rugged covering in the mine, is open all within.
And in his hallowed center holds the heavens of bright eternity.
Osoph here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea.
And tapers cramp with iron cramps bar in the grog of life.
From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates.
The speckled Nept, the Spider & Beetle, the Rat & Mouse.
The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours
And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods: wondrous buildings
And every Moment has a Coach or plateau for his repose.
A Moment equals duration of the artery.
And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah.
To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care.
And every Minute has an aspire Tent with silken Veils.
And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with shield.
And every Day & Night has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant.
And many like precious Stones & ornamented with appropriate sublimes.
And every Month, a silver paved Terrace builded high.
And every year, invulnerable Barracks with high Towers.
And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold.
And every Seven Ages is incarcerated with a flaming fire.

Now 5 ten Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years.
But has the Gward, each Moment Minute Hour Day Month & Year.
All the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements.
The Gward are Angels of Providence on duty evermore.
Every time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years.
For in this Period the Poets Work is Done; and all the Great Events of Time start forth & are conceived in such a Period: a Pulsation of the Artery.

The Sky is an immortal Tent built by the Sons of Los And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place Standing on his own roof or in his garden on a mound Of course one easily in height such Space in wide his Universe: And on its verge the Sun rises & sets the Clouds how to meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such a order. The Starry heavens reach no further but here about this set On them who talents turn on their wheels of Pold. And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move. Where'er he goes & all his neighbourhood, he changes: Such are the Spaces called Earth, & such its dimension.

As in that false appearance which appears to the reasoner Of a Globe rolling thro' Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope, they alter. The ratio of the Spectators Omnary but leave Objects, untouch'd.

For every Space larger than a red Globule of Mars blood Is visionary, and is created by the creative, when a Globule, & that Globule, terrible their power. But Rintarah & Palamahrun govern over Day & Night, the Allamandula & Entuthon Bynthan where Souls Walk: Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternal Youth. Within the vegetated mortal Nervy: for every Man born is folded Within into the mighty Polypos, this Polypos is the Soul.

But in the Other vegetated Nervy Sleep was transformed To Death in old time by Satan, the father of Sin & Deat. But in the Nervy of the Nostular Accident being Buried Into Substance & Principle by the cruelties of Demonstration, It became Opake & in Definite; but the Divine Saviour Formed it into a Solid by Lossy mathematic power.

He named the Opake Satan; he named the Solid Adam. And in the Nervy of the Eve. But the Nervy of the tongue are close.

On Albion's Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning And when unwearied in the evening, he creates the Moon.

And the Man is dead, which all the Globule of Mars blood opens. But in the Nervy vegetated Nervy Sleep was transformed To Death in old time by Satan, the father of Sin & Deat. But in the Nervy of the Nostular Accident being Buried Into Substance & Principle by the cruelties of Demonstration, It became Opake & in Definite; but the Divine Saviour Formed it into a Solid by Lossy mathematic power.

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He named the Opake Satan; he named the Solid Adam. And in the Nervy of the Eve. But the Nervy of the tongue are close.
Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary
Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings
Of dove-like softness, & shadow habitations prepared for them.
But every Man returned & went still going forward thro' the door of the Father in Eternity or Eternity.
Neither had any back or face into Eternity.
A Shadow to repose in all the Days of Happy Eternity.
Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Oloflon descended.
And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation.
All Beulah went for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds.
And the Shadows of Beulah terminated in rocky Albion.
And all Nations went in affliction.
Family by Family.
Germany went towards France & Italy.
England went & trembled.
Towards America.
India rose up, from this golden bed.
As one awakened in the night, they saw the Lord coming.
In the Clouds of Oloflon with Power & Great Glory.
And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements, wail.
With bitter wailing; these in the aggregate are named Satan.
And Beulah they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation.
The Fiures, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements.
Also, the Mountain against the Elements of Beulah, opposed in War.
Not Mental, as the Ways of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife.
In Loss & Halls continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgotha.
Orc howls on the Atlantic: Eriu howls over the mountains.
All Beulah weeps.

Thus, made the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring:
The dark sat on his earthy bed just as the morn appears.
Listen, silent:
then singing from the weeping corn field.
He leads the Choir of Doves.
trill, trill, trill.
Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse.
Recoiling against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell:
His little throat labours with inspiration.
ev'ry feather.
On, breath & breast, & works umbrellas with the influence Divine.
All Nature listens silent to him, & the awful Sun.
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird.
With eyes of soft humility, & wonder, love & awe.
Then loud from their green covert, all the Birds begin their Song.
The Thrush, the Lark, & the Goldfinch, Robin, & the Wren.
Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain.
The Nightingale again assays his song & thas the air.
And thro' the night, waketh luxuriously:
every Bird of Song.
Attending his loud, harmonious with admiration & love.
This is a Vision of the Lamentation of Beulah over Oloflon.

Thou perceivest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours:
And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweet
Forgetting that within that Center Eternity, expands.
es over coming doors that:
One Berkeley guard
First ever the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms
Joy even to tears, which the Sun-reasling dries:
first the Wild Thyme & Meadow-sweet downy & soft waving among the reeds:
Light springing on the air, lead the Sweet Dance:
they wake the Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak:
the flowering beauty.
Revels along upon the word; the White-thick love of May
Openeth when blooming, the Rose still sleeps.
Now dare to wake her:
soon she bursts her crimson curtailed head.
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty:
every Flower:
the Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation.
The Jovial, the mild Lilly, opens her heavens:
every Tree.
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance.
Yet all in order sweet & lovely. Men are sick with Love.
Such is a Vision of the Lamentation of Beulah over Oloflon.
And Milton sat up on the Couch of Death, & of conversed in vision & dream beneath with the Seven Angels of the Presence. I have turned my back upon these heavens built on cruelty. My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation. He hunts her footsteps thru the snow & the wintry hail & rain. The idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination. And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny.

Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death. And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse.

We are not Individuals but States; Combinations of Individuals. We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Draughty in Annandale. Compelled to combine into Form by Satan the Spectre of Albion. Who made himself a God & destroyed the Human Form Divine. But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form. Because we were comb'd in Freedom & holy Brotherhood. And then, comb'd by Satan's tyranny, first in the blood of War & Sacrifice & next in Chains of imprisonmen: were Shapless, Rocks Retaining only Satan's Matrimonial Holiness. Length, Breadth & Height. Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & fruition in which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy, against His own Qualities, which are Servants of Humanity, not Gods or Lords. Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States. States change: but Individual Identities never change nor cease: You cannot go to Eternal Death: in that which can never Die.

Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches And thou O Milton art a State about to be Created. Called Eternal Annihilation that none but the Living shall Dare to enter: & they shall enter triumphant over Death. And Hell & the Grave: States that are not, but oh! Seem to be.

Judge then of thy own Self, thy Eternal Lineaments explore. What is Eternal & what Changeable? & what Annihilable? The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself. Affection or Love becomes a State when divided from Imagination. The Memory is a State, always, & the Reason is a State Created to be Annihilated & a new State Created. Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated. Forms cannot. The Oak is cut down by the Axe, the Lamb falls by the Knife. But their Forms Eternal Exist. For ever. Amen. Halleyah.

Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death. For God himself enters Death: Door always with those that enter And lays down in the Grave with them, in Visions of Eternity. Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying That the Females had Woven for them & the Gates of their Fathers House.
And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Boulah. Say...

When I first married you, I gave you all my whole soul
I thought that you would love me; I gave you my pleasures
Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures, O daughter of Babylon.
Then thou wast lovely, mild, gentle, now thou art terrible
In jealousy, and lovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly
Cut off my loves in Ely pitt. I have no love left for thee.
Thy love depends on him thou mostest & on his dear loves.
Depend thy pleasures which thou hast cut off by jealousy.
Therefore I shew my jealousy & set before you Death.
Behold Milton, descended to Redeem the Female, Shadie
From Death Eternal; such your lot to be continually Redeemed
By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation.
When the Sixth Female perceives that Milton annihilates
Himself; that seeing all his loves by her cut off, he leaves
Her also; entirely abstracting himself from Female loves
She shall relive in fear of Death. She shall begin to give
Her maidens to her husband; delighting in his delight.
And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy.
As it is done in Boulah; then O Virgin Babylon Mother of Woe,
Shalt bring Jerusalem in these arms in the night watch &c; and
No longer turning her a wandering madl in these streets
Shall give her to the arms of her Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Boulah, in the Lamentations of Olohan

N

Uthrona

Adon

Trakas

Luvah

Uzizek

Nabons Track
And all the songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes, to comfort Olool's lamentation, for they said, Are you, the Fiery Circle that late drove in fury & fire, The Eighth Immortal Starry Days down into Uro dark, Rending the Heavens of Beulah with your thunders & lightnings? And can you thus lament & can you pray, & forgive? Is terror changed to pity? O wonder of Eternity!

And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose, were shewed them. First, of Beulah, a most pleasant Sleep, Or Couches soft, with mild music, tended by flowers of Beulah, Sweet Female forms, winged or walking in the air spontaneous. The Second State is Alla & the third State Al. Uro:

But the Fourth State is dreadful: it is named Or-Uro:
The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart: The Third in the Lungs & Seminal Vessels & the Fourth in the Stomach & Intestines tenderly, deadly, inutterable. And he whose Gates are opened in those Regions of his Body can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations.

But Olool sought the Or-Uro & its fiery Gates, and the Couches of the Martyrs, & many Daughters of Beulah accompany them down to the Uro with soft melodious sounds, A long journey & dark thru Chaos in the track of Milton, course To where the Contraries of Beulah Wur beneath Negatives Banner.

Then viewed from Miltons Track they see the Uro, a vast Plain Of living fibres down into the Seat of Time & Space growing. A self-devouring monstrous Human Death Twenty se en fold. Which is it five Females & the nameless Shadow Mother, Spinning it from their bowels, with songs of amorous delight. And swells up cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down The River Song (which is Armour) into the Dead Sea.

Around this Pompous Los continual builds the Mundane Shell.
Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg formed World at Los, In midst of Chaos, stretching from Zenith to Nadir, in midst of Chaos One of these Rund Universes is to the North named Urthona, One in the South this was the glorious World of Urezon, One to the East, of Luvah; One to the West, of Tharmos,
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urezon in the South, All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin.

Here in these Chaoses, the Sons of Olool took their abode In Chambers of the Mundane Shell, which open on all sides round. Southward & by the East within the Reach of Milton's descent To watch the time, pitying & gentle to awaken Urezon, They stood in a dark land of death: in fiery corroding waters, Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold. And the Eternal Man ever Alphon upon the Rock of Ages, Staying Milton's Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling, Return'd, but Olool remain'd before the Gates of the Dead.

And Olool looked down into the Heavens of Uro in fear, They said, How are the Wars of Men, which in Great Eternity appear around, in the External Spheres of Visionary Life, Here rendered Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision. How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals here and under a frozen bulk? subject to decay & death. Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge.
Are here painted to unexorable deadly destroying terrors. And War & Hunting: the Two Fountains of the River of Life shall become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell. All Brotherhood is changed into a Curse & a Flatulency. By Divagation between Ideas, that Ideas themselves (which are the Divine Members) may be slain in era and for an O dreadful Locust of Death. O pitiable Nemi, forms compelled to weave of Death. On Camberwell, Israels Csiets, &c. 

So spake Olohan in remembrance astonish'd, but they could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus. A wondrous journey not passable by lamented feet, & none but the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation.

And then Olohan examined all the Couches of the Dead:

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find. Nor can his Watch Hands find it, but the Industrious find this Morning. He always comes with a Slaying. And it renovates every Moment of the Day. It is rightly placed. In this Moment Olohan descended to Log & Entharmor. Unseen by all the Mundane Shell Southward in Hunter's track. Just in this Moment, when the morning adorns rise abroad. And first of the Wild Thyme stands a fountain in a rock. Of crystal flowing into two streams, one frows through Golgonooza. And twoセックス to Eden beneath Log & Western Wall. The other flows into the Aerial Void & all the Churches Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satan's Seat.

The Wild Thyme is Loss Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon terrible deadly & poousous he is presence in Ultralark. Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass. Covering over the Rock & Odors his bright purple mantle. And the roots that are on Golgonooza;

Just at the place where the Lark mounts, is a Gotap Gate. It is the entrance of the First Heaven named Larker; for the Lark is Loss Messenger thro the Twenty seven Churches that the Seven Eyes of God who walk even to Satan's Seat. Thro all the Twenty seven Heavens may not slumber nor sleep. But the Lark is first at the Gate of Loss, at the eastern Gate of wide Golgonooza & the Lark is Loss Messenger.
When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives At that bright gate, another Lark meets him & back to back They touch their pinions tip to tip & each descend To their respective Earths there all night consult with Angels Of Providence & with the Eyes of God all night in slumber Inspired & at the dawn of day send out another Lark Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings Thus are the Messengers dispatched till they reach the Earth again In the East Gate of Golgotha, & the Twenty-eighth bright Lark, met the Female Olofon descending into my Garden Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Upre Heavens But not less to Immortals, the Lark is a mighty Angel For Olofon step'd into the Polyplex within the Mundane Shell They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming The enemies of Allmony except in a Female Form And as One Female Olofon did all its mighty Hosts Appeard a Virgin of twelve years per time her space was To the perception of the Virgin Olofon but as the Flash of lightning but more quick the Virgin in my Garden Before my Cottage stood for the Satanic Space is delusion For when Los found with me he took me in his fiery whirlwind My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambe's Shingles He set me down in Felpham's Vale & prepar'd a beautiful Cottage for me that in three years I might write all these Visions

To display Natures cruel holiness; the deceits of Natural Religion Walking in my Cottage Garden, suddenly I beheld The Virgin Olofon & addressed her as a Daughter of Beulah Virgin of Providence fear not to enter into my Cottage What is thy message to thy friend what am I now to do Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction behold me Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadow of Delight Enter my Cottage, conduct her, for she is sick with fatigue
The Virgin answered. Knowest thou of Milton, who descended
Driven from Eternity? whom I seek, terrified at my Act
In Great Eternity which thou knowest? I come to him to seek
So Olaus uttered in words distinct the anxious thought
Madd was the voice, but was distinct than any earth
That Milton's Shadow heard the musings of his spirits
Into a strength impregnable of masters beauty infinite
I saw he was the Covering Cherub & within him Saturn
And Raphael, an outside which is fallacious, within
Beyond the outline of identity, in the Selfhood deadly
And he apparel the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whom
Jerusalem's children consume in flames among the Stars
Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God
Reaching From heaven to earth a Cloud & Human Form
I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld
The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark
Twelve monstrous dishumanized deities Syconcales of Satan.
A Double Twelve & Three Nine; such their divisions.
And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell
In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashraoth. In Moab Chemosh
In Asiasm. Moloch; loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels
Of Og, & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire:
And pale his Priestesses infolded in Veils of Pestilence border'd
With War; Woven in Looms of Fire & Sidon by beautiful Ashraoth
In Palestine Dagon. Sea Monster; worshipp'd der the Sea.
Thammuz, in Lebanon & Rummon in Damascus curtained
With Isis, Orus, in Egypt; dark their Tabernacles on Nile
Flinging with solemn Songs & on the Lakes at Egypt nightly
With pomp, even till morning break & Osiris appears' in the sky
But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrh'a obscure Demon of Brides
And secret assassinations, not worshipp'd nor ador'd: but
With the fingers on the lips & the back turned to the light
And Saturn, Joy & Rhea, of the Isles of the Sea remote.
These Twelve Gods, are the Twelve Spectre Sions of the Devil Alliance
And these the Names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahaleed, Jared. Enoch.
Jachusha. Lamech these a Giants rugged Hemaphrodit
Noah, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob the second, Salish, Isaac,
Peter, Joseph, Mahalaleel all these are the Male Nales
A Male within a Female Kid & a Female. & Human.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemagne
Luther, these seven are the Male Nales, the Dragon Forms
Religion in war, a Dragon red, & hidden Harlot.
All these are seen in Milton's Shadow who is the Covering Cherub
The Spectre of Alliance, in which the Spectre of Liwah inhabits
In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation
For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by
The Stars, which are the Boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces
And Empires of Chaos invisible to the Vegetable Man.
The Kingdom of Og is in Ormus, Solomon is in Opheliac
Or has Twenty-seven Districts: Sichon District twenty-one
From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension.
Smallest out, composes the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incarnation
Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty
With Coverings whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond
The Mundane Shell in Golgotha, but the Fires of lost rage
To the remotest bottoms of the Cavens, that none can pass
In Eternity; that way, but all descend to lost
To Bowaishola & Alisanaida & to Endothan Benyon.
The Heavens are the Cherub, the Twelve Gods are Satan
And the Forty-eight Starrie Regions are Canes of the Levites
The Heads of the great Polus, Four-fold with equal
Equity in mighty & mysterious沫ing enemy with enemy
Woven by Urien into Sexes from his mantle of years
And Milton, collecting all his forces into unproveable strength
Deserved down a Fovil work of all kinds of precious stones
But from the eastern sky, descending down into my Cottage
Garden: clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld
Milton within his sleeping humanity, trembling & shuddering
He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven-fold mighty Demon
Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roll his thunder, against Milton
Loud, Satan thundered: loud & dark upon mild Palestine, shore
Not daring to touch one staff he would round upon the sea
I also stood in Satan's bosom & beheld its desolations:
A sudden Man: a sudden building of God not made with hands;
Its plans of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:
Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains
Of pitch & nitre; its mound palaces & cities & rugged works;
Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Demons
Labour with blackened visages among its tremendous ruins
Arches & pyramids & porches colorado & domes:
In which dwells Mystery Babylon, here is her secret place
From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight
Here is her Cup filled with any poison, in these her wily vales
And she, here scarlet veil woven in residence: & war
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains, in the Des of Babylon

In the Eastern porch of Satan's Universe Milton stood & said
Satan, my Spectre, I know my power thee to annulate
And be a greater in thy place, & be thy Tabernacle
A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes
And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering
Such are the Laws of thy false Heav'ns, but Laws of Eternity
Are not such. Know thou: I come to Self Annullament
Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually
Annulate himself for others' good, as I for thee
My purpose & the purpose of my Priestly & of my Churches
Is to impress on men the fear of death: to teach
Trembling & fear, terror, constriction: object selfishness
Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on
In fearless majesty annihilating Self: Laughing to scorn
My Laws & terrify, shaking down thy Synagogues, as we be
I came to discover before Heavy & Hell the Self righteous
In all its Hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye
These wonders of Satan's holiness shining to the Earth
The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart: Satan's Seat
Explore in all, its Selfish Natural Virtue & put off
To Self annihilation all that is not of God alone:
To put off Self all I have ever & ever Amen

Satan heard, coming in a cloud with trumpets & flying
Saying I am God, the judge of all, the living & the dead
Fell therefore down to worship me, subject thy supreme
Pledge to my eternal Will & to my dictate bow
I told the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword
Seven, thou hast bear my Name & in those Seven I appear
But I alone am God & I alone in Heaven & earth
Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow
'Till all things became One Great Satan, in Holiness
Opposed to Mercy, and the Divine Delusion Jesus be no more
Sudden to Milton on my Path, the Starry Seven
Burned terrible: my Path became a solid fire, as bright
As the clear Sun & Milton silent came down on my Path.
And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven Forms
Human, with Trumpets unanswerable, round and round they played
As the Seven spoke: and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire
Surrounding Phelpham's Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell. Saying
Awake Albion awake: reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue
Them to the Divine Mercy. Cast him down into the Lake
Of Los, that ever burneth with fire, ever & ever Amen.
Let the Four Zoas awake from Slumber of Six Thousand Years.
Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard & seen as Seven Heavens
Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion
Satan heard, trembling round his Body, he inquired if
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment.
Howling in his Spectre round his Body hung to devour
But fearing for the pain for if he toucheth a Vital
His torment is ineradicable, therefore he cannot devour,
But howls round as a lion round his prey continually.
Loud Satan thundered, loud & dark upon mild Phelpham's Shore
Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame
An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work
Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded: so permitted
(lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to emulate
The Eternal Great Humanity. Divine surrounded by
His Cherubim & Seraphim in ever-harmonious Eternity
Beneath sat Chaos: Sin on his right hand. Death on his left
And ancient Night spread over all the heaven his Mantle of Laws.
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment.
Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch
Of dread repose sent by the visionary eye: his face is toward
The east, toward Jerusalem's Gates: groaning he set above.
His rocks: London, & Bath, & Legions & Edinburgh.
Are the four pillars of his Throne: his left foot near London
Covers the shades of Tavurn: his right foot from Windsor
To Promenade Hill stretching to Hightgate & Holloway.
London is between his knees: its basements fourfold.
His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his feet.
On Canterbury's runs: his right hand covers lovely Wales.
His left Scotland: his bosom girt with gold involves
York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle & in the front.
Bath, Oxford, Cambridge Norwich: his right elbow
Leans on the Rocks of Bruns Land, Ireland ancient nation.
His head bends over London: he sees his embodied Spectre
Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear.
He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down.
He moves his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor
He strives to rise to walk into the Deep, but strength failing.
Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sink upon his Couch.
In moaning Beulah. Los his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon

Unseen saints in terror straining among the Brooks of Arnan
With Milton's Spirit: as the Peacemaker or Artificer on Shepherd.
While in the labours of his falling sends his Thought abroad
To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven. So Milton
Stood trembling in the Porch, loud Satan thundering on the stormy Sea
Circling Albion's Cliffs in which the Four-fold World resides.
The seen in Folly outside: a Folly of Satan's Church
Before Ololon Milton stood & perceived the Eternal Form.

Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts by me unknown.

Except remotely; and I heard Ololon say to Milton:

I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon there a dread

And awful Man I see, overcharged with the mantle of years,

I behold Los & Urizen. I behold Arc & Thanatos;

The Four Zoos of Alston & thy Spirit with them striving

In Self annihilation giving my life to thy enemies

Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it

Become in them genuine partisans, the cause of promoters

Of those Religion: how is this thing; this New Babylon, Phantasm

This Voltaire & Rousseau: this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke

This Natural Religion; this impossible absurdity

Is Ololon the cause of this! O where shall I hide my face

These tears fall for the little ones: the Children of Jerusalem

Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation.

No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appeared.

Eastward upon the Zayed works across Europe & Asia

Glorious, as the midday Sun in Satan's bosom glowing

A Female hidden in a Male, Religion hidden in War

Nam'd Moral Virtue: cruel two fold Monster shining bright

A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw

And all beneath the Nations' unnumbered Multitudes

Appeared, the Seven Kingdoms of Conan & Five English

Of Phoebus, into twelve divided, call'd after the Names

Of Israel: as they are in Eden, Mountaun, River & Plain

City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken.

But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton

Replied. Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man

All that can be ann be annihilated must be annihilated.

Lest the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery

There is a Negation; & there is a Contrary

The Negation must be destroyed to redeem the Contraries

The Negation is the Specter: the Reasoning Power in Man

This is a false Body; an Incrustation over my Immortal

Spirit: a Selfhood, which must be cut off & annihilated away

To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination.
To bathe in the waters of Life; to wash off the Not-Human
To come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration
To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour
To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration.
To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton from all that is not
To cast aside from Poetry, all, that is not
To cast off the idiot Questioner, who is always questioning,
But never capable of answering, who sits with a sly grin
Silent, plotting when to question, like a thief in a clive;
Whose pretence to knowledge is empty, whose whole Science is to
To destroy the wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Ego,
And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue,
These are the destroyers of Jerusalem, these are the murderers of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life:
Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination;
By imitation of Nature's Images drawn from Remembrance;
These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation,
Hiding the human lineaments as with an feeb & Carcass;
Which Jesus rent; & now shall wholly purge away with Fire
Till Generation is swallowed up in Regeneration.

Then trembled the Virgin, Oolon & reproved in clouds of despair
Is this our Femenine Partion the Six-fold Miltonic Female
Terribly this Partion trembles before thee O awful Man
Notto our Human Power can sustain the severe contentsions
Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot: but flies into the Ulro.
Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity, & now remembrance
Returns upon us, are we Contraries O Milton, Thou, & I.
O Immortal, how were we led to War the Wars of Death
Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which it entered into
Becomes a Womb, & is this the Death Couch at Albion? Thus goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee! So saying, the Virgin divided Six-fold & with a shriek Dolorous that ran thro all Creation a Double Six-fold Wonder. Away from Albion she divided & fled into the depths Of Milton's Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea. Then as a Moony Ark, Ololon descended to Felphams Vale in clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoin'd in Felphams Vale Around the Starry Eight: with one accord the Starry Eight became One Man, Jesus the Saviour, wonderful, round his limbs The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood Written within & without in wov'n letters: & the Writing Is the Divine Revelation in the Letteral expression: A Garment of War. I heard it named the Coat of Six Thousand Years And I beheld the Twenty-four Cities of Albion Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth And the Immortal Four in whom the Twenty-four appear As in the body of Albion's body, Jesus went & walked forth. From Felphams Vale clothed in Clouds of Blood, to enter into Albion's Bowel, the bosom of death, & the Four surrounded him in the Column of fire, in Felphams Vale, then to their mouths the Four Dipped their Four Trumpets & then sounded to the Four winds Terror struck in the Vale. I stood at that immutable sound. My bones trembled. I fell outstretched upon the path A moment, & my Soul return'd into its mortal state To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body And my Sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side. Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felphams Vale And the Wild Teame from Wimbledon's green & unpurpled Hills And the & Whiterman rose over the Hills of Surrey Their clouds roll over London with a south wind, soft. Othoorn Pants in the Vales of Lambeth weeping o'er her Human Harvest Lost listening to the Cry of the Poor Man! his Cloud Over London in volume terrific low bented in anger. Rimah & Palamahron view the Human Harvest beneath Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open, the Ovens are prepare The Waggoners ready, terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play. All Animals upon the Earth are prepare in all their strength.